Health Talks No. 7

NATURE'S WARNINGS

These gas pains that come in the pit of the stomach and around the heart are Nature's danger signals. They indicate something wrong with stomach or bowels. Gas is caused by imperfect or delayed digestion. It presses against the heart and lungs. Serious heart or lung trouble, as well as digestive or intestinal disorders, may result.

Take no chances. If you suffer from gas, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion or constipation, seek immediate relief through some simple, efficient remedy, such as Jaques' Digestive Capsules. These may be depended upon to bring you quick, sure relief. Get a bottle at once. Take at Nature's first sign of digestive disorder. Taken regularly, Jaques' Capsules are a great help even in chronic cases. 60 cents at druggists, or postpaid from Jaques Capsule Co., Plattsburg, N. Y.

MUNYON'S PAW PAW PILLS

for Constipation

Relieve headache, dizziness and other disorders due to bowel congestion. A perfect laxative. Works mildly without griping.

"There is Hope" — Munyon's Paw Paw Tonic makes you well, keeps you young.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling. Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 60c and $1.00 at Druggists.

Hiscox Chem. Wks. Patchogue, N. Y.

HINDECORNS Removes Corns, Callouses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. 15c by mail or at Druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Buy Concord Yarns

direct from manufacturer at a big saving. Spun from long combed wool. Write for free samples. Many beautiful shades and heather mixtures. 4oc per 4-oz. skein; $2.00 per lb. Postage paid on all orders. CONCORD WORSTED MILLS, Dept. 47A, West Concord, N. H.

"Prose" and "Pro's"

In sporting matters the average boy's erudition is aptly illustrated by a story a certain educator is fond of telling. A teacher was trying to explain to a group of youngsters the respective properties of poetry and prose. Her audience was rather bored but she thought she caught a glimpse of understanding on one boy's face. Brightly turning to him she said: "Now, Tommy, give me one definition of prose." "People who get paid for playing golf," was the answer which proved enigmatic to the teacher.

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best—Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says, "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, as many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by parcel post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Advertisement.

England's First Railway

The first railway in England was begun in 1825; in Austria and in France in 1828; in the United States in 1829; Belgium and Germany, 1835; Russia, 1838, and Italy in 1839.

The wings of riches make flying machines look like 30 cents.

Even prepaid telegrams are sent on tick.

Advice to Mothers!

Charleston, West Va.—"I think Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is just the very best tonic and nervine that the expectant mother can take. I had gotten all rundown, had a dragg-y, worn-out feeling, was nervous and weak. I had severe backaches and pains in my side, but after taking a few bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' I got along fine, did not suffer any more distress, my nerves were good and I felt well and strong the remainder of the time. It puts a woman in such good physical condition that she has practically no suffering."—Mrs. Emma Little, 11 Jarrett's Court. All dealers.

BATHE YOUR EYES with Murine. Soothes Eyes that ache or smart from Glare, Dust, Wind, Sun or Wind. Murine Co., Chicago.

The Red Line Trail

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

Copyright, W. G. Chapman

CHAPTER XV—Continued

—18—

On the sand, not a score of feet away, the dying embers of a tiny fire were flickering.

Bunker and Carr had seen the gleam almost as soon as Nellie. Swiftly they dropped their oars into the water, checking the boat's way. "Here they are, all right," remarked Bunker, not without satisfaction.

The skiff grated on the sand and half a dozen dull forms sprang up, dimly visible in the circle of firelight. In a foreign tongue some one spoke what was evidently a challenge.

With a cry, Carr tried to back away. But before he could make a single stroke hands stretched to the gunwale and drew the boat high.

Carr shrugged his shoulders. "We're caught!" he muttered. "Who are they?" he asked Nellie.

Nellie leaned forward and addressed the leader of the party in the foreign tongue he had used. Then, without waiting for a reply, she turned to Carr and Bunker. "They are friends," she said. "Some of the people who live here, I think. Everybody here speaks Danish, you know. We had better get out and I will talk to them." She stood up, took the hand that one of the men extended and jumped lightly ashore.

Carr and Bunker followed.

Beside the fire Nellie halted and turned to a man who seemed to be the leader. "I am Miss Archman," she said, in Danish.

The man saluted formally. For several minutes the two talked. Then Nellie turned to her companions. "I don't understand what he says very well," she explained. "I've tried to tell him about the mutiny, but he doesn't seem to understand me, either. He says that the captain is up the mountain somewhere, but he has just sent a messenger to say that he is on the way back. I asked him about our people, but he says he hasn't seen any of them. I'm not certain that he belongs here. He doesn't know who Overlord Dorth is and—"

"Overlord Dorth!"

"Yes. Dorth rules the island. I haven't had time to tell you of him. I'm afraid these people are intruders. And yet—"

"Didn't Captain Bunker say that a ship was following us?" broke in Carr. "These men look like marines and—"

Nellie caught her breath. "Marines?" she cried. "Oh! They can't be! They can't be—"

She broke off as the men faced round and stood at attention. The flickering flames shone on what were undoubtedly uniforms.

A line of armed sailors was approaching. As Nellie faced about, a man, obviously an officer, strode into the circle of the firelight. When he saw Nellie he saluted. "Good evening, madame," he said in Danish.

"Good evening!" Nellie replied in English. "Do you speak English?"

"I speak it a little." The officer's words were precise, but his accent was good.

"I'm so glad. I speak Danish very badly. I am Miss Archman—"

The man's face changed instantly. He whipped his hand to his cap. "Miss Nellie Archman?" he questioned eagerly.

"Yes, but—"

The officer spun around. "Stand back!" he ordered to the men, who were crowding inward. "Lieutenant, withdraw your men to a respectful distance." He swung round again. "The gracious lady will pardon?" he said. "I did not know. What is the gracious lady's pleasure? I am Captain Strindberg."

The flickering firelight danced on Nellie's bewildered face and in the no less perplexed countenances of Carr and Bunker.

"I am glad to meet you, captain," faltered the girl. "But I don't quite understand what you mean. I—"

"I and my men are at the gracious lady's service. If she will lead us to her father—"

Nellie's face clouded. "I wish I could," she exclaimed. "He must be worried to death."

"He is here? He is well?"

"Oh, yes! He is here—that is, near here; and he is well. But— Oh! I don't know what to say. You are in the service of Overlord Dorth, are you not?"

"Overlord Dorth? D-orth!" Abruptly the officer's face brightened. "Surely, surely, gracious lady. I ask nothing better than to serve him."

"Then—then— You must know about my father—Mr. Archman, you know—and how we came down here, and what—"

"Your father, Mr. Archman! Pardon! The gracious lady has not yet seen Overlord Dorth?"

"Yes, I've seen him, and I am to see him tomorrow. I was to have seen him today to hear something important that he wants to tell me. But he wasn't strong enough."

"He is not ill?"

"I'm afraid he is. Very ill. Did you not know it?"

Captain Strindberg fairly wrung his hands. "Take me to him at once, gracious lady," he begged. "I must see him at once, at once."

"But I cannot take you to him. I don't know the way. Don't you know it? Oh! What does it all mean?"

Carr broke in. He had been listening with growing uneasiness. "It means that Captain Strindberg is a stranger here, Nellie," he declared. "How he got here, I don't know, unless he came on that ship Captain Bunker was so troubled about. Don't tell him anything—"

"Silence!" Strindberg roared the order. "Silence! Who are you?"

The young fellow shrugged his shoulders. "I go by the name of Carr," he answered. "This lady is to be my wife and I advise her—"

"Your wife! You are a fool. This lady is not for such as you. She—"

But Nellie interposed. "Stop, Captain Strindberg," she said, with sudden imperiousness. "Stop! This is a matter with which you have nothing to do." She turned to Carr. "Forgive me, dear," she said. "I don't know who or what Captain Strindberg is, but I have no choice except to trust him. Our ship is in the hands of mutineers; my mother and friends are lost; my father is probably a prisoner; and we ourselves are fugitives. If this gentleman really means harm to a feeble old man like Overlord Dorth—"

"Harm! No!" broke in Strindberg. "I am glad to hear you say it. At any event I cannot stop you. This island is small and you will soon find him no matter what I do or say. Captain Strindberg, I will tell you everything so far as I know it. Then I will ask you to help us."

CHAPTER XVI

Until Daylight

Lord George descended into the ravine with extreme caution. He could see the ground where his next footstep was to be planted, but he could see little more; and he could not be sure that the next stone on which he put his weight would not give way beneath him and send him crashing to the unknown depths below. Moreover, he was by no means certain what he would find if he reached the bottom in safety.

The map had come into the possession of the party mysteriously—as mysteriously as the first map had come. Might it not, like that first map, be a forgery, deliberately designed to lead astray, if not to betray to ruin and death, those who trusted it? Certainly it seemed queer that it should be necessary to descend into such a pit in order to reach a road that seemed to lead up the mountain.

Lord George suspected all things. He believed that at any moment he might have to fight for his life; and

Lord George Suspected All Things. He Believed That at Any Moment He Might Have to Fight for His Life.

he moved silently as a shadow, with an automatic pistol clutched in his right hand.

At the bottom at last, he found himself standing on a broad, flat rock, in front of which the ground seemed faintly luminous. Hesitantly he stooped and put out his hand and touched water. He had halted on the edge of a stream or inlet—probably the last, as he quickly ascertained that the water was salty. It appeared to be twenty or thirty feet broad.

Hesitatingly he faced seaward—then jumped, as a sparkle of light flashed to his eye. It was the merest flash, gone almost before it was seen, but it was as conclusive as a bonfire. Some human being was at the bottom of the ravine, close at hand. Silently he crept toward the spot.

The way was not long, nor the walking difficult. The path was well trodden and free from obstructions, and he moved along rapidly. Almost instantly he heard voices, one of which at least, though low, was wrung with pain.

"Something's wrong," the speaker wailed. "Something's wrong. She'd have come back else. What shall I do? What shall I do? Nellie! Nellie! Nellie!"

The voice broke; then went on. "Flash your light, Olaf!" it ordered. "Flash your light."

An electric torch flashed, revealing the tossing waters of the bay. Again and again it flashed. Then the voice spoke again, hopelessly. "It's no use, Olaf. Something's gone wrong and I'm helpless. If she's lost the way—But she hasn't lost the way. She'd have called out if she had—if nothing were wrong."

Then another voice spoke. "What can have gone wrong, Mr. Archman? It is your ship [illegible]."

Archman! Lord George started. So it was Bess' father whom he had chanced [illegible] good! He slipped his pistol [illegible] his belt and took a step forward.

"Good evening, Mr. Archman!" he said quietly. "I'm delighted to find you!"

Two suppressed exclamations and a sudden thudding of feet came from in front. Lord George could hardly see the men, but he [illegible] faced around. [illegible] they had called in English. "[illegible] shoot!" he [illegible] a friend. I repeat, Mr. Archman, that I am glad to find you [illegible] wife and younger daughter [illegible] only a few yards [illegible] for you down on the El Rio. We came [illegible]

"My wife and Bess! Who are you?" "I'm a Johnny Bull [illegible] George Caruthers. Flash your [illegible] and satisfy yourself, if [illegible] on me like. Ah! Quite right. You see I'm [illegible] if you'll allow me, I'll [illegible] explain."

There was a pause [illegible] Archman spoke quietly. "Come [illegible] if you like. If you are from the El Rio, God knows you are welcome."

Lord George came [illegible] briskly. "I'll cut it short," he said, "[illegible] we're all in a hurry. It's this way." Swiftly he told about [illegible] voyage of the El Rio, the shore [illegible] and the mutiny he had witnessed from the mountain top.

At this point Archman groaned. "Good Heaven!" he [illegible] "Nellie's on board."

"Nellie? Your daughter?"

"Yes! We heard this [illegible] that a ship was lying here. [illegible] heard it first and left at once, [illegible] she was going on board. I was [illegible]. As soon as I could, I hurried after her, but when I got there she was gone—gone in the only boat—and darkness had shut down. I could see the lights of the ship, but I could [illegible] anybody on board hear me [illegible] as I might. And I had no [illegible] know. I sent back for one, but [illegible] don't be brought until low tide. I'm expecting it now; but—but Nellie has been gone for nearly six hours [illegible] It drives me mad, mad! You know who was on the El Rio. [illegible] why should the men mutiny? Captain Bunker is not a hard master."

"I don't think it was a [illegible] of discontent. Things have been happening all the way down." Lord George told of the attempt to sight the discovery of the destroyer lying in wait, and the passage of the Dutch speaking sailors. Somewhat to his surprise the story seemed to encourage Archman.

"If that is all," he breathed, "if that is all—all will be well. [illegible] they guess that—that—no, better! They will treat Nellie with [illegible] respect. Take me to my wife and to Bess." He made a step forward.

Abruptly the other man, who had not yet spoken, [illegible] "Wait, sir!"

"Archman over [illegible] "I think we would better wait," he [illegible] "The moonlight will reach the El Rio in a few minutes. And if the destroyer is near—" He paused impressively.

"Perhaps it will be," Lord George hesitated. "But—hang it all, I hate to croak, you know, but I'm afraid you're in for a fine disappointment. We saw the trouble from the mountain, and the destroyer didn't take any part in it. No boats came or went, and the destroyer didn't follow when the El Rio started in this direction. I'm sorry, but I don't believe it had anything to do with the mutiny. It doesn't look to me like an ordinary mutiny. It looks to me more like what you Americans call a put-up job."

"Then—then—Nellie is lost!"

"Oh, no! The game isn't played out yet. These chaps don't want to run away with the ship, or they'd have gone before now. They're waiting for something, and as they've moored the ship close to here it looks as if they wanted to find you. Anyhow, I'll wager they'll be coming ashore in the morning, and when they do—well, we'll have an innings. And, besides, there's that destroyer. It didn't come here for nothing. I suppose you know why it did come, by the way?"

Archman hesitated. He seemed to be turning the situation over in his mind and trying to resolve whether to explain at all, and, if so, how much.

Again the third man broke in. "Ship!" he said. "See!"

Black against the silver water the masts and funnels of the El Rio protruded themselves. The shadow of the mountain had left them bare and it was retreating slowly downward.

Archman looked at it and nodded slowly. Then he faced toward Lord George. "There is a reason for the destroyer's coming," he said. "But—you will forgive me if I do not speak now. Soon all will be known. Conditions are changing fast. For years the—the—the—he whom I serve has been hiding from those who would find him. But now—I cannot say more. Soon—perhaps tomorrow—all will be made clear. At any rate, Nellie is safe. Come! Let us seek Mrs. Archman. What's that?"

From out on the water had come a sudden uproar—a fierce mingling of shouts and cracking of pistols. Lights flared out, moved and vanished and reappeared. The moonlight had swept downward to the deck of the El Rio, but the distance was too great and the bulwarks of the ship too high for it to reveal anything.

Then abruptly something flashed and Lord George uttered an exclamation. "They're swinging out boats!" he cried. "One, two, three of them. They're doing it fast, too. Listen! You can hear them."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A hot temper warps the judgment.

The American Legion

(Copy for This Department supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

WOMEN IN DEMAND AS POST OFFICERS

Women just will take command. When a woman appears radiantly on the scene, all the mere males become as meek as lambs and hang around patiently to be told when to fetch and carry. There may be hard-boiled eggs, fellows who boast themselves he-men, who rebel against the fact, who wouldn't let any woman boss them—no, no, not they!

Even they are not half so independent of milady as they fondly imagine themselves to be. Sooner or later they succumb, pleasurably, along with those of their brethren who are just waiting for a glance of that bewitching eye to fall for anything that may be commanded of them. Anyhow, woman soon runs the ship of state, vote or no vote.

And so in the Legion. Women may not be numerous in the enrollment. But they wield power. And posts are recognizing that fact by electing them to offices. The women have paved the way for that by their willingness, their faithfulness and their devotion.

Miss Leona S. Mellish, formerly a second "looey" in the Army Nurse corps, is graves registration officer for Somerville post, Somerville, Mass. That Miss Mellish may not feel lonely, Miss M. Etta Wallace, likewise an army nurse, has been made post historian.

Miss Mellish entered army service on October 10, 1917. She served in base hospitals at Camp Devens, Mass., at Fox Hills, Staten Island and

[illegible] Evacuation hospitals 12 and 19 at Trier, Germany. She was overseas ten months and was disabled. She was discharged April 15, 1921.

Miss Wallace enlisted on April 11, 1918. She was attached to Base Hospital Unit 44 and was on temporary duty at Camp Merritt, N. J., for three months. She served in France with Base Hospital Units 44, 48 and 68 and also with Evacuation Hospital Unit 24. She was discharged on May 21, 1919.

Presents Relic of War to Alliance (Ohio) Post

As a relic of the stirring war days, R. A. Lamont, of Alliance, Ohio, recently presented the American Legion of Alliance with a big gas shell. And thereby hangs a tale.

During the early stages of America's part in the World war, shell manufacturers experienced some difficulty in filling gas shells with a liquid that would produce the required results without corroding inside the shell and losing part of its "authority." Lamont perfected a formula for a varnish to coat the inside of the shell that protected the steel lining and kept the gas compound at its maximum strength for Heinie's benefit. This formula was presented to government experts, pronounced practical and was used thereafter in American gas shells. The gas shell presented to the Alliance Legionnaires is Lamont's test shell that the government accepted as "booko potent." It will be used as a flag holder in the new Legion quarters, recently dedicated.

Lamont was recognition during the war, too, for a special treatment used on rifle triggers and metal parts of the gun stocks to prevent the intense cold from causing the soldiers' fingers to "stick" to the guns.

Utah Department Wants Government Insurance

The American Legion, department of Utah, in convention at Spanish Fork recently, adopted resolutions to the effect that government insurance be reinstated and be carried on according to approved commercial methods; that investigation be made into the relation between the head of the insurance department and the U. S. Veterans' bureau; that government insurance representatives in each state be appointed and that, if present laws prohibit reinstatement and conversion of government insurance, laws should be changed to permit the veteran, by payment of one month's back premium and one month's advance premium, to reinstate that portion of his insurance for which he is not drawing disability compensation.

The Kitchen Cabinet

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

Industry, economy, honesty and kindness form a quartet of virtues that will never be improved upon.—James Oliver.

FOR AFTERNOON TEAS

Sandwiches of various kinds are always acceptable with a cup of tea.

Cheese with chopped olives, between thin slices of buttered bread, toasted just before serving, is one that is well liked.

Raisin or nut bread with guava jelly and cream cheese, chopped cooked figs and cream, cheese between slices of buttered bread are all good.

A dainty bit of bread to be served in various ways is prepared thus: Cut fresh bread very thin, spread it with butter, anchovies, caviar or any highly flavored and liked paste; roll up to the size of the little finger, use a wooden toothpick to skewer and lay them in a pan and toast in the oven. Served hot or cold. Very nice with bouillon or with a salad.

Toasted Bacon Rolls.—Split crisp, tender, oval-shaped rolls and toast delicately. Place three pieces of crisp well-cooked bacon between the halves of each roll.

Hot Deviled Eggs.—Cut hard-cooked eggs in halves lengthwise. Remove the yolks, mash, add half as much grated cheese or deviled ham, chopped cooked chicken, chicken livers, or veal. Moisten with melted butter or mayonnaise, season highly with salt, pepper, lemon juice or mustard. Refill the whites and place two halves on a slice of toast. Cover with boiling-hot white sauce and serve at once.

Fruit Salad.—Fresh pears with sections of orange and grapefruit free from membrane is a most delicious combination; serve with

Golden Dressing.—Take three tablespoonfuls of orange juice, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one-half cupful of sugar, a few grains of salt, all heated in the top of a double boiler. Add one egg slightly beaten, and cook until smooth and thick. Cool, and just before serving add one-half cupful of cream beaten stiff.

Blueberry Muffins.—Sift together two cupfuls of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth cupful of sugar. Beat one egg, add three-fourths of a cupful of milk and mix with the dry ingredients; add three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and when thoroughly mixed add one cupful of blueberries. Bake in a hot oven in buttered muffin pans.

Orange cup cake sections and combined with very crisp pineapple slices cut into sections, served with a mayonnaise to which a few spoonfuls of cream cheese has been added, is a very tasty salad.

Nature arms each man with some faculty which enables him to do easily some feat impossible to another.—Emerson.

In all the universe of God there are no two souls alike. There are no two with the same work to do.

GOOD THINGS WE ALL LIKE

Between seasons, when the appetite fails, hearty dishes do not appeal, and one really needs to eat, a dish of nicely seasoned macaroni will touch the spot.

Macaroni, cheese, hard-cooked eggs and a cupful of rich white sauce baked, makes a hearty and well-liked dish. Cook a cupful of macaroni and five eggs in the shell, a half cupful of grated cheese and the white sauce with a bit of onion juice. Put the ingredients in layers, having the cheese between to avoid the strongest heat. Cut the eggs into eighths and bake just long enough to become heated hot.

Grandmother's Muffins.—Mix one cupful each of corn meal and flour, one-half cupful of light brown sugar—or maple sugar if it can be obtained, two cupfuls of cold water and one-half teaspoonful of salt; let stand over night. In the morning add one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of hot water. Beat hard and drop into hot, well-greased gem pans and bake in a hot oven twenty-five minutes.

Brussels Sprouts With Cream Sauce.—Boil a quart of brussels sprouts in two quarts of water until tender. Drain and serve with a rich white sauce prepared by melting two tablespoonfuls of butter and when bubbling hot add two tablespoonfuls of flour, cook until smooth and add one and one-quarter cupfuls of rich milk or thin cream; cook until smooth and thick, adding six or eight cooked chestnuts which have been put through a sieve.

Honey Hermits.—Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in one and one-half cupfuls of warmed honey; add one cupful of butter; cream together. Beat three eggs well and add to the honey and butter, then add five cupfuls of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon and two and one-fourth cupfuls each of chopped raisins and nuts. Stir until well blended and drop from a teaspoon on buttered sheet. Bake in a moderate oven.

Nellie Maxwell

Father John's Medicine

Best for Colds

Bronchitis, Asthma and all throat troubles. Builds new strength.

NO DANGEROUS DRUGS

OVER SIXTY-NINE YEARS OF SUCCESS

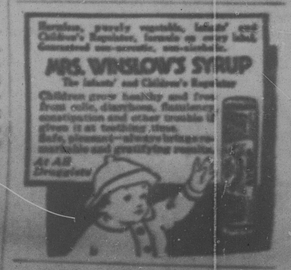
Wanted—County Agents to sell the Automatic Cross Lock for doors and windows. Every home needs them. Quick sales and large profits. Exclusive territory. Write today. Montague Mfg. Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

If You Have Enlarged or Diseased Tonsils, avoid an operation by the use of TONSOL, guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Write for testimonials and descriptive circular to E. J. McCann, 993 Charles St., Elmira, N. Y.

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrup & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

A Dr. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY



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The Infants' and Children's Regulator

Children grow healthy and free from colic, diarrhoea, flatulency, constipation and other trouble if given it at teething time. Soft, pleasant—always beneficial, markable and gratifying results. At All Druggists

"77" HUMPHREYS' REMEDY BEST FOR COLDS-GRIP

PAXTINE IS FOR WOMEN who have feminine ills that need best treatment—Douches of Paxtine Antiseptic destroy disease germs, heals inflammation, ulceration and stops the discharge. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine is recommended Paxtine for years in their advertising. A pure white powder to be dissolved in water as needed—one box makes gallons of strong antiseptic solution that gives positive satisfaction—60c at druggists or postpaid by mail. THE COMFORT POWDER COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

PILES

Commends Colac Internal Remedy

"After trying almost every known remedy for bleeding piles, and getting but little relief and no show of a cure, I decided to try Colac. Am thankful I did. I do not suffer any more and the bleeding has entirely stopped." A. S. McKay, St. Cloud, Fla.

COLAC PILE PILLS are not a cathartic. Scientifically made to reach the cause of piles, and drive the piles away. Sold by all druggists at 60 cents, or 65 cents postpaid plain wrapped from Colac Chemical Co., Glens Falls, N. Y.

Mothers!

Children Suffering From

Constipation, Flatulence, Headache, Nausea, Bad Breath, Sleeplessness and Emaciation often have worms. These strength-sapping intestinal parasites make old and young sickly, listless and fretful.

Frey's Vermifuge

expels worms quickly and keeps children and grown-ups healthy. Entirely vegetable. Contains no mercury or harmful minerals.

30 cents a bottle at your dealers or sent by mail on receipt of price.

E. & S. Frey, Baltimore, Maryland

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